
Title: An Archival

Author: Mighty Orbeus [UP]

The Dark Mistress

As the darkness of
night ravages the
landscape and the sun
hides behind the horizon
in fear if the inevitable
dark, a woman stands at
a window, pondering the
events that she has set
into motion. She is a
beautiful woman; long
raven black hair that
stretches down her back
and dances in the wind
that blows in from the
night. Her eyes are the
color of the obsidian
stone, deep pools of
endless darkness, beautiful
and yet steeled and
deadly. She is a woman
of mature years, but
even for her age this
woman would turn the
heads of every nobleman
in the land, her soft
brown skin and slender
figure hide strength and
magic only few have
dreamed of acquiring.
"How doth thy wounds
heal?" she asks the silent
figure that now stands in
the doorway. As she runs
a finger over the jeweled
dagger at her waist, a
quaint smile crosses her
full red lips. The figure's
face grimaces at the
remembrance of the
inflicted pain. "It heals
mistress, but the scar
shall remind me never to
cross thee again." "Come
in Keeonean and shut the
door behind thee." Turning

from the window, the woman seems to float across the room making no sound as she moves. Her hand brushes along the backs of the antiqued chairs as she passes them. She seats herself in front of the fire and turns slightly toward Keeonean, the flames from the hearth blazing in her dark eyes. "Well? What news doth thou bring from Britannia?" she states with a razor sharp undertone.

The man steps forward, his head bowed slightly, allowing the shadows to conceal his scared face. A giant of a man, standing some seven feet tall, well toned and muscled from years of battle. His skin looks almost plum in color, yet on closer examination, weavings of intricate tattooing cover his entire body. These tattoos denote his rank in his mistress' army. His armor is golden in hue and radiates a magical glow, showing little to no signs of battle wear. At his hip rests a sword like no other - the Keeonean blade, forged by his family many generations ago and embodied with the darkest of magic. The blade quietly wails as if crying out for another victim. It seems as if the sword could leap from the sheath and wield itself.

"The attacks go well and all is according to your plan. Yew has been an easy conquest for my army of orcs and mongbats. They are about as dumb as my once

partner Gondor, that
drunken oaf, but take
orders with out question
or hesitation. Empath
Abbey doth seem to pose
a stronger resistance. It
would seem the townsfolk
care for the monks. Cove
doth not prove to be a
problem either, the Gazer
fiend raids the city daily
with the headless ones
and lesser gazers. I feel
we should increase the
activity in Cove; perhaps
we can conquer the city
ahead of schedule."

"You Feel! Hmpf, I did
not acquire thy services
for thy mind. Stick to
what ye know or feel
more than the bite of
my blade. Now! Continue,
what of the other
cities?" the woman replies
harshly.

Keeonean backs away
slightly and bows his head
even further "Aye
Mistress! Vesper is
proving to be a problem,
it would seem the scum
of Vesper fight better
than expected. The trolls
attack on a constant
basis with a bloodlust
driven by your promise
that the lands of Vesper
shall once again become
theirs. Yet they are still
being driven back. Trinsic
seems to be falling
further and further into
Juo'nar control. That liche
seems to grow stronger
with every death his
army brings. The paladins
seem to be of little help
to the wealthy city and
it looks as though Trinsic
will be the first to fall
under your control. The
Ophidians are also proving
to be strong allies as
they rip through the
cities of Papua and

Delucia leaving nothing but
blood trails and spirits in
their wake."

"Whatever spell ye cast
over the land seems to
be taking its toll. The
cities' magical protection
is failing and Lord
British's guards ignore
our armies as if they did
not exist. They seem to
wander around in a daze
even more than usual. The
monsters are also being
affected by the spell.
They are easily swayed to
follow us with little to
no effort on our part. It
seems you control them
more that we do."
Keeonean draws his cape
around him to ward of
the cold and waits for a
reply.

"What of Britain and the
attacks made by the
sorceress Malabelle?" the
woman states as she
summons a goblet from
the table across the
room into her hand.

As the glowing trails of
the spell fade, Keeonean
continues, "Your... Pet,
Malabelle has used her
dark powers to sway the
simple minds of the
lizardmen and ratmen
tribes between Trinsic and
Britain to attack all who
travel the road between
those two cities. I have
even heard the creatures
have braved the city of
Britain and caused a
multitude of deaths."

The woman stands as she
places the goblet on the
hearth. She moves toward
Keeonean, who towers
over her slender figure.
Her fingers begin to
dance as she whispers
unrecognizable words.

Reaching out her hand
she touches Keeonean's
chest and he is instantly
thrown across the room
with the force of a
whirlwind. Slamming
against the stone
structure of the keep he
crumbles to the floors
gasping for breath.

"Ye shall learn to hold
thy sharp tongue. Thou
should be mongbat food
by now, but I still require
your lust for destruction
and death." She calms her
anger as she straightens
her silken gown by sliding
her hands slowly over her
shapely hips.

"Malabelle has potential as
long as she believes Lord
British has wronged her
lover. She is easily
swayed by suggestion, yet
she is a powerful
sorceress. That is why I
have trained her myself".

"Increase the raids on
all fronts; I want the
people of Britannia to
suffer endlessly. Have
Juo'nar and Malabelle
combine their efforts to
crush Trinsic. I want no
humans left alive in that
putrid city of honor.
Juo'nar must call forth
all who lie beneath the
soil to fight for him
against the living. Even if
he has to call upon the
creatures from the
depths of abyss to aid
him, he will take and hold
that city."

"Begone!! You have much
to do." Silently she
crosses the room and
stands at the open
window.

Keeonean stands; the
light from the fire hits
his face and illuminates

the wickedness of the
woman standing silently at
the window. The scar on
his flesh runs from left
brow to opposite cheek,
leaving him sightless in
one eye. "Yes, Dark
Mistress" can be heard
as the doors closes.

The wind blows at her
raven locks as the woman
stares out at the
darkened land "Sit on the
throne Lord British and
watch thy Britannia
crumble. Thou art helpless
to stop the incoming tide
this time. I see your
death and my hands are
the cause of it. Prepare
for the end of Britannia
and a new beginning to
arise from the ashes."

From the Town Cryer -
The Journal of Ultima
Online, January 27th,
2000.
